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joyed the practice of journalism (the most common motive) they were all dedicated souls. The supply of people with this particular sort of dedication has dried up, and it's time to cover our typewriters and lock the door.

There are some lumps in the throat as this final piece is composed. At the calculated risk of becoming maudlin, we take a moment to explore some random reminiscences.....

Our first job on the Pan Aruban, in 1929, was cranking the mimeograph machine. By hand, that is -- it was several years before electricity began to spin the cylinder. After a few months of this we were promoted to typing the stencils, and an Aruban boy took over the cranking job. (We thus had the distinction, thirty-four years ago, of being the first American to be replaced by an Aruban.) An odd requirement of the typing job was that when each issue was completed, close to midnight, we had to hop on our motorcycle, with our Aruban co-worker on the back seat, and deliver him to his home in Savaneta. This was not a great chore, since traffic was practically non-existent; its chief result was to rob us of sleep, something the Pan Aruban has always been noted for.

(Our wife was to say many times that we were married to the Pan Aruban, and she may be right in calling it bigamy. But then what married journalist is not married also to his profession?

There was the time in the early thirties when the final score in a World Series game came in by super-heterodyne shortly after an issue was bound, and the staff burned midnight oil hand-writing the news in with fountain pens.

There was the time when we had to leave a dinner party (taking half a dozen guests with us) to bind an issue because the binding boys had failed to show up.

There was the time after the submarine attack when we bound by smokey kerosene lanterns until arrangements could be made for us to bind issues in the Accounting Department's vault, which had no black-out problem.

This could go on all night, but shouldn't. The average reader of today probably couldn't care less, and the readers who rode along with us decade after decade are nearly all gone.

Someone now might ask what the Pan Aruban has done to merit all this agonizing, all this introspection. The answer is not that it survived to report the daily scene for 1,775 weeks. Perhaps the